

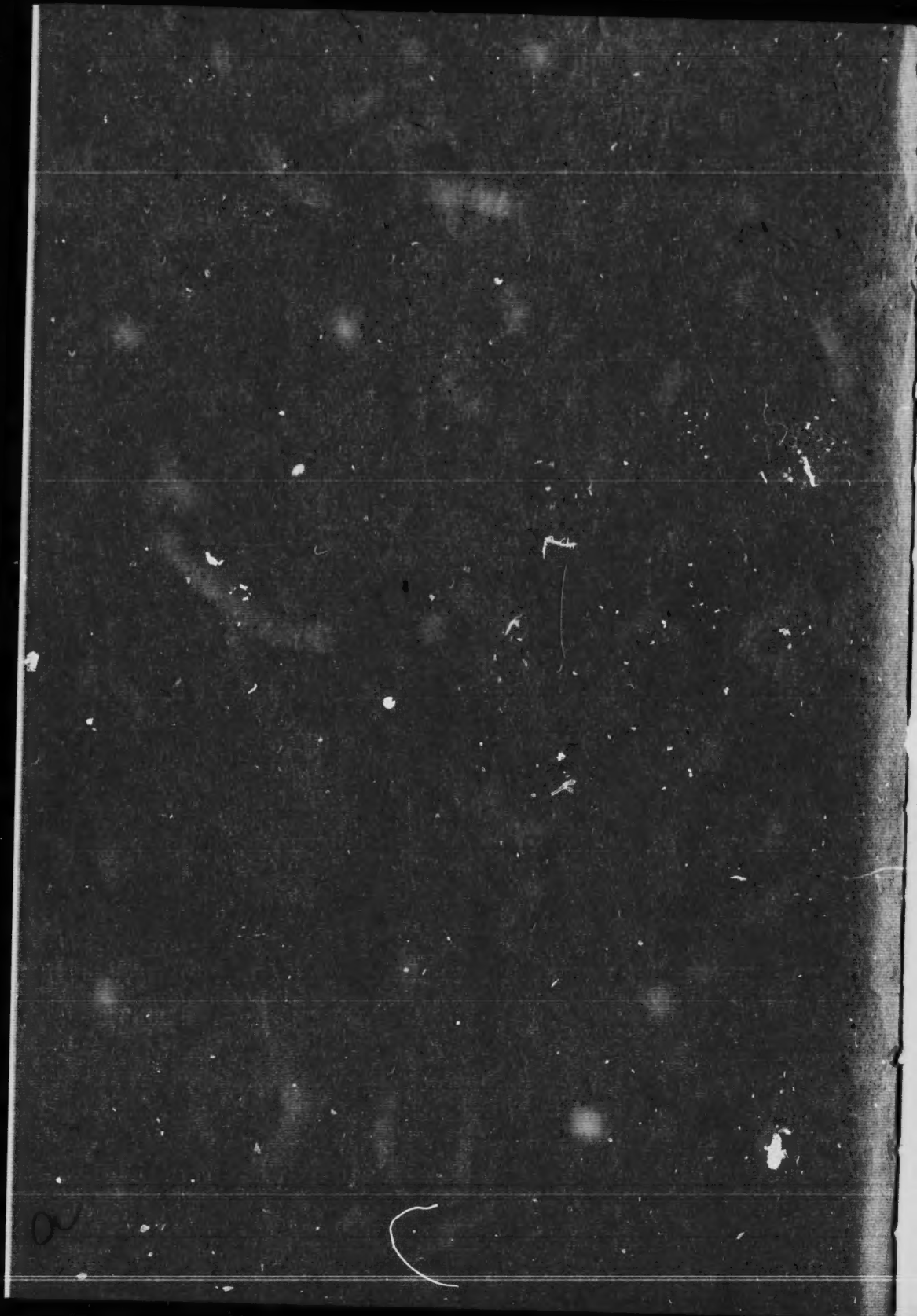


Outdoor Verse

By

D. E. HART





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D. E. HATT

Manager Seattle Branch

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***To My Fellow-Workers in
The Judson Press***

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How to live less amid the mortal and the seen,
how to grow increasingly sensitive to the truth
and beauty of eternity—that is the question be-
fore me increasingly.

This little book of verse was written by one
who clearly is in love with goodness. Herein are
thoughts which breathe and elevate and lead me
to the homeland of the heart. Learning to read
the poets we become at one with those who live
and love and feel the truth which God has made
available to all men's souls.

Coleridge gives me a further clue when he puts
it on this wise: "Poetry has been to me its own
exceeding great reward. It has given me the
habit of wishing to discover the good and beau-
tiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

I covet for many the possession of this book
and the uplift of its message.

E. A. FRIDELL,
Pastor First Baptist Church
Seattle, Washington.

Table of Contents

	PAGE
God's Great Out-of-Doors.....	5
Trees of the Lord.....	7
A Message	10
Roses at Dawn.....	10
Conservation	11
Nature and Art.....	11
My Father's Creatures.....	13
Like a Tree.....	13
The Breezes	14
Robin's Song	15
The Lilies of the Field.....	15
God and the Mountains.....	16
Medicine	17
Tides	19
Exaggeration	19
In the Spring.....	20
The Call	20
Eventide	21
Showers of Blessing.....	21
His Homeland	21
The Basin	22
Rainier	22
Mingled Sweetness	23
The Rainbow	23
He Rules In Love.....	24
Fishing	25
Mother	25
A Memory	26
Going Fishing	27
Bethel	3
The Prairie Farmer	28
September in the Okanagan Hills.....	32
God Give Us Rain.....	33
In Inlet Land.....	33
Lovely Lake	35
A Day Off.....	35
Came Evening	36
Worms and Warbles.....	36
A Fishing Smack	36
The Birds	38
I Am Thy God.....	39
Thou Art My God.....	40
Poor Peter	41
Come and Break Your Fast.....	43
Drink Deep	44
I'm Goin' Fishin'.....	45
Okanagan	46

God's Great Out-of-Doors

Slumbers the lake in the moon's silvery beams.
We seem to live in a world of fair dreams.
Never a breath stirs the still evening air,
Drowsily smoulders our campfire there.
Far from the haunts, and the worries of men,
Here we renew our souls once again.
Rides the full-moon in a great flood of light,
We are too happy for slumber tonight.

Deep in the forest re-echoes the tone
As the great horned owl blows his bass trombone,
With the soft sound of a clarionet,
His sweetheart joins the romantic duet.
Yonder a cow moose is calling her mate,
Now he has answered, accepting the date.
With an insistence that dominates all,
Comes the glad song of the near waterfall.

Impudent woodmice, insatiable thieves,
Scamper and rustle among the dried leaves,
Bunny sits, gazing at us, for awhile,
Then plunges, headlong, into his brush pile,
Now a huge bull-frog, in water half-sunk,
Makes echoes ring with, "Kerunk, chunk, chunk, chunk,"
Like frantic souls in hysterical fright,
Loons, with wild laughter, disturb the still night.

I know that soft whispered-whistling sound!
Wild ducks are here! See them circling around!
List to the music their soft feathers make
As they alight on the silvery lake!
Hear their loud quacking, as they sport and dive,
With the sheer gladness of being alive!
When they are having such innocent fun,
It would be murder to handle a gun.

Moon is declining, a cool night-wind stirs,
In the tall birches a wakeful grouse "Whirrs!"
Campfire brightens, then sinks back to sleep,
Drowsy sensations upon us all creep—
Till the loon-cry rises wildly once more,
And a muskrat splashes close to the shore.
Fire is out! And the night air is chill!
Sunrise is striking the loftiest hill!

We have been sleeping! 'Twill do us all good,
Hand me those pieces of dry maple wood,
We'll have a bite, and a cup of hot tea—
Hear Robin sing in the top of that tree!
See how the trout are beginning to make
Widening circles, all over the lake!
Into the boat! Clearing-up-camp can wait,
Luck's in our favor, today, sure as Fate!

Look there! Was ever more beautiful sight!
Doe and her fawn, in the soft dawning light,
Come boldly down to the lake's grassy brink,
Fearlessly taking an unhurried drink.
Like golden bells that in solemn hush float,
The hermit thrush sounds his sweet, mellow note.
Saucy red squirrel, your chattering cease!
Your silly noise is disturbing the peace.

Morning is perfect! What big beauties rise,
Greedily striking our light-skimming flies!
Worry and care cannot linger about
With four-ounce rods playing fourteen-inch trout.
Only those know the true acme of sport
Who are acquainted with fun of this sort,
Out on the lake, at the breaking of day,
Troubles and burdens are melting away.

Now I've hooked one of the liveliest yet!
Lend me a hand, if you will, with the net.
There! What a beauty! Three-pounder, at least!
On trout like that one might kings gladly feast!
Your strike will match it! And this one is mine!
Lucky I'm using my new oiled-silk line,
Leader is tested, the fly-hook is strong,
So now, my beauty, you come right along!

Woodpecker wakens, and beats, noisily,
His loud alarm on the old, hollow tree,
Mists are dissolving, the soft breezes play,
Sunrise is bringing another new day.
Kingfishers, what are you fussing about,
Filling the air with your loud, raucous shout?
But, here's a truce to your boisterous crew,
To hearts' content, you are all fishing too.

Now in the splendor of day the lake lies,
And, of a sudden, the trout cease to rise.
We've caught our limit, I'm reeling my line,
Hoist up your anchor, and I will hoist mine,
Head for the landing, we'll paddle ashore,
My heart is hungry to taste something more,
In this vast temple, beneath the great trees,
Let's spend a moment or two on our knees.

With crowded creel, and an unjointed rod,
This grateful fisherman worships his God.
He planned all this, and the thing that He planned,
He loves, and wants to have us understand.
Men's hearts are dull, and their eyes have grown dim,
If in these beauties they cannot see Him,
Nor sense the Presence that hovers so near,
Thrilling our souls with a reverent fear.

At this cold-spring, with its crude birch-bark cup,
Let's drink to fishing, and then we'll pack up,
Hike to the highway, and start up our car,
Two hours' driving, and then, Home we are!
With royal welcome from children and wife,
And recollections to last us through life.
One more good fisherman's yarn we can spin
Some winter night when the boys have dropped in.

Oh dear, deep woods! When asleep, or awake,
I dream of you, and your still, mirrored lake.
I love, and visit each fair beauty-spot,
Praising the wonders that mankind have wrought.
Cities and towns have their own sort of charm,
Beauty beguiles when I visit the farm,
But by the lake, with its green-bordered shores,
I long to be in God's Great Out-of-Doors.

Trees of the Lord

It was God who grew this forest,
With its pillars set so tall
That the arches which unite them
Can be scarcely seen at all,
And, between the lofty pillars,
Aisles so very long and broad
That you feel, as you pass down them,
You are in the House of God.

By the interlacing tree-tops
This Cathedral is roofed o'er,
And the falling leaves are laying
Soundless carpets on the floor,
And the zephyrs, softly sighing,
Are a Prelude, low and sweet,
In which songs of birds commingle,
Making harmony complete.

In their loft, a vibrant Choir
Chant a Psalm melodiously,
As I listen they are phrasing,
"And he shall be like a tree,"
Then the sound sinks to a whisper,
But I catch the words again,
"His leaf also shall not wither,"
And so on to the "Amen."

Fragrant odors of the forest,
Borne upon the balmy air,
Are like incense from the Altar
At the holy hour of prayer,
While the vast, but friendly forest,
Shutting out the glare of day,
Seems to whisper sweet assurance
God will hear me as I pray.

Like a Prophet in his Pulpit,
A gigantic forest tree
Is delivering a sermon,
And is looking straight at me,
Then a wood-thrush sings a solo,
In a tender, moving tone,
And I feel a strong conviction
I no longer am alone.

A deep sense of God is on me,
As the Westering light grows dim,
And I think I'd not be startled
To come face to face with Him,
With this vast Cathedral's beauty
All about me, and above,
Fear of God, to faith, is changing,
And faith, changing into love.

Through the Apse I see the sunset
Glowing like a golden throne,
While around about it billow
Purple robes, that seem God's own,
And above the Shining Presence,
Where the crimson tints are poured,
Light-kissed clouds, seem Seraphs, chanting,
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

As my evening meal is eaten
Close beside a bubbling spring,
With an unalloyed enjoyment
To be envied by a king,
In the deepening mystic twilight
Earth and Heaven are so blent
That my simple outdoor supper
Seems almost a Sacrament.

Then, "Abide with me, fast falls the
Eventide," I softly sing,
As night's sable velvet curtain
Drops, and shuts out everything,
And the twinkling stars, God's candles
In the Heavens, seem to say
They are there to give assurance
He will send another day.

With the darkness all about me
I compose myself to sleep,
In what seems to me a Cloister,
And my rest is sweet and deep,
But while sleep seals all my senses,
Wakeful fancies flit abroad,
And the tree 'neath which I slumber
Is a ladder up to God.

Then the birds which sang my Vespers,
Sing sweet Matins to my soul,
And the streams of my emotions
Flood, and pass beyond control,
And a fellow-feeling tells me,
As I worship and adore,
What he felt who longed to tarry
In God's House forevermore.

Now the sound of falling waters,
Borne upon the morning breeze,
Is a Postlude to the Service
Underneath the forest trees,
And I'm conscious, as I journey
Back toward the haunts of men,
I'll be lonesome till I Worship
In that House of God again.

A Message

The sunflowers, like virgin gold,
Encrust the sombre reef,
The poplar trees beside the lake
Are yellowing into leaf,
God's feathered messengers of cheer
Tilt, singing, in the trees,
And on the beach the azure waves
Dance to the piping breeze.

The vibrant earth is echoing
Celestial harmony,
And those I love within the veil
Are coming close to me;
More real they seem than singing bird
And yellowing poplar tree.

Roses at Dawn

Velvety curtains, which all night have hidden you,
By magic fingers have now been withdrawn,
In your full loveliness we are beholding you,
Chastely revealed in the soft light of dawn.

Decked out in dew-drops, that sparkle like diamonds,
Every meek face lifted sweetly above,
Modestly blushing, in maidenly innocence,
Lading the air with the fragrance of love.

Speaking to us with a natural eloquence,
Making appeal that cannot be denied,
Rivalling dawn in your radiant loveliness,
Sweet as the kiss on the lips of a bride.

Smiling to welcome the first mystic morning-light,
Fairest of all 'neath the dawn's rosy touch,
To us your beauty and perfume are messages
From the dear Father Who loves us so much.

Conservation

When springtime breathes through leafless boughs,
And winter clasps the frost-bound roots,
While daylight brings the browsing cows,
And through the night the horned owl hoots,
Potential bud and leaf and limb
In sweet solution gently flows,
Delicious nectar, shared by him
Who Nature's generous secret knows.

The ruthless hand of pioneer,
The senseless waste of axe and fire,
Are laying many a hillside bare,
And spreading ruin dark and dire;
"Conserve the wealth," "Prevent the waste,"
Are watchwords heard on every hand,
And men of broader vision haste
To save the riches of the land.

Let waste not riot through the wood
And lay the sugar maple low,
Till men forget her luscious food
When springtime's genial breezes blow.
Speak out ye men whose word has weight,
Ye know, full well, the people's will,
Save our fair forests from their fate,
And give us maple sugar still.

Nature and Art

A Poem is a Flower wrought by art,
A drop of honey hidden in its heart,
Upon its petals witchery of light,
And dewy mist caught from the breath of night,
Standing aloft upon its thrifty stem
To watch for folks who care, and nod at them.

A Poem is a Tree, whose questing roots
Seek out the elements of luscious fruits,
Which, built to bulk and hung up in the sun,
Are ripened for the seeking thirsty one,
Who, sheltered by the overhanging boughs,
Regales himself, and pays to God his vows.

A Poem is a sweetly flowing Rill,
Which, from its limpid source upon the hill,
Beauty and blessing spreads along the lea
As it meanders to the distant sea,
While whisper, murmur, laughter, dance and song,
In turn attend its varied way along.

A Poem is a Pool, that, mirror-wise,
Reflects the beauty of the summer skies,
Into whose crystal depths men gaze and see,
In time, the shadows of eternity,
While in their souls this concept reaches birth,
"The Heavens have come to sojourn upon earth."

A Poem is a fair and verdant Isle,
That rests on ocean like a genial smile,
Secure when tempests beat upon its strand,
Broad-based upon the undergirding land,
Untroubled by the fear of what may hap,
Since Earth holds Ocean in her mighty lap.

A Poem is a Hill, that lifts its head
Above the mists which o'er the vale are spread,
A Look-Out, where men stand and gaze abroad,
Or, turning from the earth, commune with God,
Until, to those who stand there in the sun,
The boundaries blend, and Heaven and Earth are one.

A Poem is a Star, whose cheerful light
Gleams, like a jewel on the robe of night,
To guide the traveller on his lonely way,
And bid the weary one look up and pray,
Assuring him that all is well above,
Since God Himself is Light, and Life, and Love.

A Poem is a Glen, where shade and light
Weave fairy robes to hide earth's wounds from sight,
Where Morning gilds earth's tear-drops with her ray,
And Noontide kisses every tear away,
Which, with the alternating light and shade,
Becomes a place where character is made.

The man who understands has learned to rhyme
Eternal things with things of space and time,
And Flower, Tree, Rill, Pool, Isle, Hill, Star and Glen,
Become God's lowly messengers to men,
In His name speaking to us everywhere—
Thrice blest are those who have the heart to hear.

My Father's Creatures

If God didn't make the monkeys,
I am asking you, who did?
And an answer to my question
Why should anyone forbid?
And if God, my Heavenly Father,
Made all creatures, great and small,
In a very real manner,
I'm related to them all.

You may classify, in detail,
All God's creatures, if you wish,
But a man is not a monkey,
And a bird is not a fish,
And yet, if the same Creator
Made, and loves them every one,
I am kin to all His creatures
Underneath the shining sun.

They may be but poor relation,
Of which I cannot be proud,
But each has a claim upon me,
And that claim must be allowed,
And 'tis well we should remember,
While man is creation's crown,
Not a beast God has created
Ever could sink so low down.

This relationship is real,
And is not to be jeered at—
I can magnify my manhood
In a better way than that—
But when this has been admitted,
Something else is also true,
I'm related to the Angels,
For they are God's creatures too.

Like a Tree

Seed, on the vagrant autumn breeze,
Wantonly tossed among the trees,
Yet, through kind Nature's gentle grace,
Finding and filling thine own place,
Growing, at length, from lowly birth,
Into gigantic height and girth.

Dowered with might to stand steadfast
In face of winter's fiercest blast,
Vibrant, as well, to the soft caress
Of breezes in gentle playfulness,
Let zephyrs breathe, or tempests sweep,
Crooning the baby birds to sleep.

Calm when the pealing thunders roll,
Or thrush, in song, pours forth its soul,
Unmoved through searing lightning's hiss,
Smiling to feel the sunset's kiss,
Spreading gigantic arms to aid
Flowers that love the forest shade.

Always the same to casual view,
Yet ever changing old for new,
Through summer's rain, and winter's snow,
Never losing the urge to grow,
Ending, ~~as~~ is thy Maker's plan,
In death, to compass the needs of man.

All that thou art, oh noble tree,
May God enable us to be,
And more; for noble as thou art,
Clean in thy life, and sound at heart,
it is not given thee to know
That debt to God redeemed men owe.

The Breezes

Oppressive is the sultry atmosphere,
And all about me seems to pant for air,
The children fret, the toiler mops his brow—
Where is our boasted summer climate now?

Across the pool there runs a dimpling streak,
A sweet, cool breath from heaven fans my cheek,
The leaves are rustling in the vibrant air,
Sweet comfort and content are everywhere.

From the cool heights above the mountain's crown
God sent His messengers, the breezes, down
With vital air the dead air to replace—
As He supplies His own with grace for grace.

Oh Breath of God, by the dull souls of men
Let Thy soft movings now be felt again,
Disturb the stagnant heat that frets us sore,
Comfort, refresh, inspire, us once more.

Robin's Song

To whom are you singing, my sweet little bird?
For full twenty minutes your music I've heard,
Atilt in the top of the tall apple tree,
My dear feathered friend, are you singing to me?

I'm happy, indeed, Master Robin replied,
If you like my song, but I sing to my bride,
Who, near me, is warming our snug little nest,
With three pretty eggs cuddled close to her breast.

I think I am blest above all other birds,
And would that my joy could be put into words,
But none understand, save the friends of the Muse,
The simple bird language which I have to use.

All men on the earth, and all birds of the air,
If they but acknowledged the Kind Father's care,
And took the rich gifts which He offers so free,
Would know the great joy that is coming to me.

Dear Robin, sing on, I will do what I can
To put your sweet song into language of man,
And, if I succeed, as I hope I may do,
More folks will be happy, and tuneful, like you.

The Lilies of the Field

God made the lilies of the field,
And had them clothed upon
With beauty such as ne'er adorned
The robes of Solomon;
A marvelous variety
Of flowers, our Father made,
Of many sizes, sorts and shapes,
And every tint and shade.

And He commissioned each of them
To propagate its kind—
These colorful and glowing Thoughts
Of the Eternal Mind—
And when He gave the flowers to earth
It must have been His plan
To have them illustrate His Love
And Providence, to man.

God's plan for flowers included man,
Who, with God-given skill,
Takes the fair flowers God has made
And makes them fairer still,
And many new varieties
The botanist can show,
For God, and man, in partnership
Have worked, to make them grow.

Few things there are more beautiful
To look upon, below,
Than the huge mass of loveliness
Seen at a flower show,
But, when the souls redeemed by Christ,
Have passed beyond the tomb,
They will be privileged to see
God's gardens in full bloom.

God and the Mountains

The mountains make us think of God,
His greatness, and His might,
He laid their vast foundations deep,
And crowned their lofty height—
They stand as monuments to Him,
Who built them by His might.

Majestic, yet accessible,
These mighty mountains wait
For daring men to venture up
And share their vast estate—
For daring souls, and venturesome,
God, and the mountains, wait.

As men ascend the mountainside
Horizons will expand,
And wider vistas to their view
Appear on every hand—
So from the vantage ground of God
All views of life expand.

The mountain climber often sees
A glacier, at whose side
The lovely, fragrant alpine flowers,
Fling beauty far and wide—
So God reveals His holiness,
And mercy, side by side.

The mountains are a treasury .
Of wealth as yet unguessed,
And great reward is possible
For those who make the quest—
And hidden in the heart of God
Is wealth of love unguessed.

Adown the mountain's rugged side
Pure streams of water flow
To meet all man's domestic needs,
And make his gardens grow—
So does the stream of God's pure grace,
To all who claim it, flow.

The mountains speak to us of God,
And He has planned it so,
The more we hear their messages
The more of God we know—
Yes I am very, very glad
That God has planned it so.

Medicine

There may be lots of rainbows in this lake,
I hope so, for the other fellow's sake,
But just one fish is interesting me,
This chap who is determined to get free.

Old Fellow, you can't break this split bamboo,
This line is silk, and it is nearly new,
My hook is firmly fastened in your mouth,
Now turn a bit and try to tow me South.

I had a lot of worries on my mind
Until you struck, but fate is very kind,
She knew how much I needed change and rest—
Here, turn a little more and head Sou'-West.

I can't remember what my troubles were,
Or what it was I feared might soon occur,
I only know that I was mighty blue
Until I found this interest in you.

I think you're just the nicest fish of all—
By Jingo, looks as if we'd have a squall—
But, rain will not disturb us in the least.
Now come, Old Timer, head a little Ea-

I spent a lot of time, and plenty "dough,"
But all the doctors didn't seem to know
Just what to recommend to pull me through,
But now I am convinced I needed you.

You're slowing up, Old Fellow, but you're game,
I think that "Sport" should be your middle name,
Come in a little closer, if you will,
I'd like to get my finger in your bill.

Ah! there you are, a lovely rainbow trout,
I feel so light and happy I could shout,
Or sing, or something—look! Another rise,
And here I sit and rave about my prize.

There's room enough in this big creel for you,
And several of your friends and neighbors too,
I'll fry you first, so now you just lie quiet,
I'm needing you to help me break my diet.

Another strike! Another thrill of joy!
Is this the sort of life for me? Oh boy!
Until I catch my limit here I stay,
This rain will help to wash my cares away.

It's years since I enjoyed a day like this,
It gives me what I can't afford to miss;
The unspoiled beauty of these wooded hills,
The lake, this lovely air, this catch—what thrills!

I make a vow, and I will keep it too,
If I don't find I have too much to do,
That every now and then I'll steal away
Where I can breathe, and rest, and think, and pray.

I've caught my limit, yet the beauties rise,
I'll dry my line, and put away my flies,
My car is waiting, it is time to go,
Dear woods, and lake, goodbye. I love you so!

New zest for life is coursing in my veins,
I have forgotten all my ills and pains,
I find it hard to tear myself away,
But I'll be back again another day.

Tides

The tide is out, and everywhere upon the sodden sand
Are things which lie uncovered when the sea forsakes the
land,

Seaweed and driftwood everywhere, the flotsam of the
tide,

Foul-smelling shell-fish lie about, which crow and gull
divide.

How crude, and harsh this broad expanse the ebbing tide
has left,

A vast, unsightly shamefulness, of covering bereft,
I gaze upon it mournfully, while in my heart I yearn
To have it hidden from my sight. When will the tide
return!

Far down the waste of muddy shore I see a ripple run,
My heart leaps up, for well I know the flood-tide has
begun,

Slow, and majestic, in it comes, and covers all the shore,
With folds of its soft, clinging robe, and I am sad no
more.

The westering sun sheds mellow light upon the rippling
bay,

And dyes it with the tints and shades of the departing
day,

And, ere the gold and purple hues have deepened into
night,

Up comes the harvest moon to gaze upon the lovely sight.

The tides are made to ebb and flow by forces from on
high,

And will continue on the earth till time itself shall die;
So, alternating ebb and flow attend the lives of men,
And after life's last low ebb here, the tide will rise again.

Exaggeration

I've given you thousands of dollars
Just millions and millions of times,
And on billions of special occasions
I've handed out quarters and dimes;
"Why, John, just a week ago Monday
You told me you hadn't a cent,"
And he, with a smile of affection,
"Well, dear, that is all that I meant."

In the Spring

Loosened is each icy chain
By the genial sun and rain,
Overflowed with joy, the wayside brooks all sing,
No more needing them at night,
Hills exchange their blankets white
For a more becoming cover, in the Spring.

When the sap is flowing free
In the sugar maple tree,
And the pussy-willows cuddle where they cling,
Then the mayflowers appear,
First, and sweetest of the year,
Harbingers of coming beauty in the Spring.

Now the trees begin to bud,
And the sun dries up the mud,
In the orchard is the flash of dainty wing,
All the birds will soon be here,
With their minstrelsy of cheer,
And we'll bless their merry music in the Spring.

Days are gliding swiftly by,
Nesting time is drawing nigh,
And true-lovers soon will choose the wedding ring,
Underneath the mystic moon
Will be whisperings of June,
And the things that fancy turns to in the Spring.

Nature's preference is seen
In her lavish use of green,
Multitudes of cherry trees are blossoming,
Honey bees are all about,
And at last it's time to trout,
Best of all our glad diversions in the Spring.

Doors and windows open wide
To the air on every side,
Golden sunlight is the universal King,
Nature now is teaching men
This sweet lesson, once again,
Human hearts must not be frost-bound in the Spring.

The Call

'Tis near the set of sun,
That Voice I know,
The long day's work is done—
Aye, Friend, let's go!

Eventide

When life is drawing toward its eventide
And shadows warn of the approaching night,
How sweet to know that He is close beside
Who said, "At evening time it shall be light."

The deepening splendors of the afterglow
That sadden us because the sun has gone,
Are what the people farther Westward know
As joyous harbingers of coming dawn.

The mellow twilight of a life's decline
When it draws swiftly toward the final breath,
Is, to believing watchers, a sure sign
Of daybreak on the other side of death.

Showers of Blessing

The empty brook-bed seams the hill,
Dust rolls across the plain,
The plants all droop, and die, of thirst,
Dear God! Send us the rain.

Thick clouds are darkening the sky,
The end of drought is near,
The precious drops begin to fall,
Thank God! The rain is here.

For blessing on the Church of Christ
We shall not ask in vain,
For God will hear His people's cry
And send abundant rain.

Then, plead before the mercy seat
The promise, "There shall be
Showers of blessing;" they will come
And water thine and thee.

His Homeland

Judea, land of mountains, and fruitful, terraced hills,
Of flowing crystal fountains, and irrigating rills,
Where, as of yore, still wander the shepherds with their
sheep,

Where still the wise men ponder on problems dark and
deep,

A land of birds and flowers, whose fascination is,
We think of it as ours, because it once was His.

The Basin

When the Basin is a mirror,
And the fascinated mountains
Are enamored by the beauty
Of their forms reflected there,
Then the South-East wind, in mischief,
Brings his witching pipe to action,
And the wakened waves go dancing,
In a moment, everywhere.

Soon the Piper grows exhausted,
And the waves sink back to slumber,
While the Basin, brimming over
With the fulness of the tide,
Has become an artist's palette,
Upon which the Sunset mingles,
In a thousand combinations,
All the colors of her pride.

Richer grow the gorgeous tintings,
And the shades are ever deeper,
While more wondrous schemes of color
Wondrous color-schemes displace,
Till the eye no longer functions,
And the Basin lies in shadow,
Then the rising Full-Moon floods it
With the glory of her face.

Tempests vex you with their fury,
Swirling tides force constant changes,
On your soiled and burdened bosom
Move our passengers and freight,
Yet for us you mirror mountains,
And o'erwhelm our souls with splendor,
When the golden light is gleaming
Through the Sunset's open gate.

Rainier

Fronting the Cascade mountains, clothed in glistening
white,
Rainier is bathed in floods of soft moonlight;
The splendor of it thrills, and overwhelms me—
Oh God, Rainier, the moonlight, and my soul, all worship
Thee!

Mingled Sweetness

'Tis good to see the orchards,
All up and down the Valley,
In blossom-time, embowering
The road in which we drive,
To revel in the fragrance
And beauty of the blossoms,
Where honey-bees with sweetness
Have overflowed the hive.

And good it is to wander
Through hardwood-forest arches,
When leaves are newly-opened,
And sweet wild-flowers blow,
Match-making bees are busy,
And hidden sweets of Nature
Are tribute for their labor,
As they fly to and fro.

But orchard here meets forest,
And meeting, they have mingled,
While honey that is garnered
From orchard-tree and field,
Is mingled with the harvest
More daring workers gather
From that delicious product
The forest blossoms yield.

Life here has all the sweetness
Of honey from the orchard,
Most delicately mingled
With flavor of the wild;
Like honey-bees, go gather
Your store of mingled sweetness,
And in the ways of Nature
Be Nature's happy child.

The Rainbow

The rain has passed, and God's rainbow
Shines on the cloud once more,
And strikes me with a meaning
I have never seen before;
Its lovely hues remind me
Of the many-tinted grace,
A glowing bow of promise,
Shining in the Savior's face.

The grace that brought salvation,
Is suggested by the red—
For sin the dear Redeemer
On the cross of Calvary bled,—
The yellow tints are speaking
Of the riches of His grace,
So great that earthly treasure,
In comparison, seems base.

The green tint speaks of earth, and of
The grace we daily share,
The blue reminds of Heaven,
And the grace that gets us there,
The tint of royal purple
Makes my heart begin to sing,
Suggesting that believers all
Are children of the King.

In that pure life which Jesus lived
The rainbow tints unite,
We see in Him the Image
Of the Father, Who is Light,
And some sweet day we'll see Him, when
He comes to claim His own,
And all bow down and worship
At the rainbow-circled throne.

He Rules In Love

Flashes of soft, warm sunshine
Piercing the clouds above,
Give us the sweet assurance,
God rules the world in love.

Perfume of fragrant flowers,
Music of cooing dove,
Whisper the same sweet message,
God rules the world in love.

Voices of loud confusion,
Forces that push and shove,
Do not disprove the statement,
God rules the world in love.

Sometimes His hand is hidden.
But, when we pass above,
We'll know, beyond all question,
God rules the world in love.

Fishing

Jounced in the chuck holes, and bounced on the bridges,
Rocked in the ruts, and besplashed in the muck,
Here is the creek, and the end of our journey,
Rig up your rod and try fisherman's luck.

Bogged in the mudholes and stung by the nettles,
Tripped by the wood vines, and scratched by the thorns,
Hooks fouled in snags, and our lines snarled in branches—
Trifles like these the true fisherman scorns.

Pestered to death by the chubs, perch and suckers,
Losing the big one we tried hard to land,
Bitten by black flies, and stung by mosquitoes—
These are all parts of the trip that we planned.

Spending a wonderful night in the open,
Sleeping, and waking, with stars looking on,
Stirring the camp-fire, hearing the night cries,
Rising to fish at the breaking of dawn.

Coming back home with our catch in the basket,
Joy in our hearts and fresh strength in each limb,
Filled with new wonder at God's great Creation,
Conscious that we have been closer to Him.

This is the thing that adds zest to our fishing,
Hardens the muscles, and softens the heart,
We have been heeding His sweet invitation,
Spoken so long ago, "Come ye apart."

Mother

The brightness of a golden summer day,
When sunlight claims a universal sway,
And Nature calls her children out to play—

The beauty and the freshness of the rose,
That in the dew of early morning blows,
And with the blush of deep affection glows—

The music of the pleasant summer breeze,
The songs of birds, and murmuring of bees,
Brooks flowing underneath o'erhanging trees—

The breath of blossoms at the close of day,
Fragrance of flowers carpeting the way,
The scent that floats from fields of new-mown hay—

Sweetness of honey from the summer comb,
When bees are boldest; and the farthest roam
To find, and bring their choicest treasures home—

The warmth of sunshine tempered by the shade
The interlacing boughs above have made,
Where we recline, at noontide, unafraid—

The inspiration of a lofty thought,
A phase of truth we long had vainly sought,
To us by some revered life-teacher brought—

The glow of sweet emotion in the breast
When Love arrives, to be an honored guest,
To share and glorify all that is best—

An echo of the Parenthood Divine,
That truth in which such wondrous beauties shine
Because such human parentage is mine—

All these, and whatsoever else there be
Needed to make a perfect harmony,
It takes to tell what, "Mother," means to me.

A Memory

The June bug drones his awkward bulk
Along the throbbing night,
A host of flashing fireflies
Show intermittent light,
The scent of ferns and balsam boughs
Comes on the evening breeze,
And, lost in formless thought, I stand,
With spirit ill at ease.

A sense of utter loneliness.
A nameless longing felt,
Yield to a sudden memory,
And frozen feelings melt,
I know now why, unbidden, tears
My burning eyes bedew,
Why I am strangely moved tonight—
I once stood thus with you.

Going Fishing

We two went fishing, my Blanche and I,
With a rising sun and a cloudless sky,
For ten good miles we sped our wheels
With the joy that youthful vigor feels,
Then walked to the top of the heavy grade,
And rested there in a pleasant shade,
Then coasted the other side of the ridge
And left our wheels at a rustic bridge.
Here our rods were rigged and we cast our flies,
And the speckled beauties began to rise.
We fished up many a noisy run,
And talked, and laughed, and had lots of fun,
And stealthily cast on the mirrored pools,
Observant of all the fishing rules,
Till we found, at the foot of a lofty fall,
The largest and loveliest pool of all,
And I caught the biggest fish of my life—
For Blanche consented to be my wife.
As we sauntered homeward arm in arm
The shy wood creatures felt no alarm,
And we climbed the grade, and coasted down,
And wheeled, in the gloaming, back to town.
And oh, the joy of that summer night,
With the zest of a well-earned appetite,
And trout never tasted half so fine,
For her eyes were smiling back into mine,
And when I kissed her, at last, good-night,
Her face was suffused with a wondrous light.

Full many a day have we fished since then—
Our sons and daughters are women and men—
Had many a tramp, and an outdoor meal,
And a homeward walk with a crowded creel,
But far the loveliest day of all
Was the one we spent at the waterfall,
And the greatest joy I have known in life,
Came when Blanche said she would be my wife.

Today we went to that spot once more,
Not wheeling, the way we had gone before,
But side by side in a buggy seat,
With a top to shelter us from the heat.
We travelled slowly across the ridge,
And turned to the left at the rustic bridge,

And the steady horse drew his easy load
Along the uneven hauling road.
We found the pool just alive with trout,
And we laughed aloud as we pulled them out,
And this on our golden-wedding day,
But our hearts were young as we drove away.
And Blanche half whispered to me, "Dear Heart,
When the time arrives that we two must part,
If I go upstream ahead of you,
As, when out fishing, I sometimes do,
By a pool like that, on the Stream of Life,
Is the place to look for your waiting wife."
And I drew my sweet-heart close to me,
With eyes so full I could scarcely see,
And I thanked my God for my happy lot,
And the biggest fish that I ever caught.

Bethel

A youthful pilgrim, far from home and friends,
Lies down to slumber, as the twilight ends,
The stunted mountain grass becomes his bed,
A stone the pillow for his weary head.

As underneath the shining stars he lies,
Lo, in a dream, a ladder scales the skies,
Above whose top Jehovah's form is seen,
While eager angels come and go between.

Awakened, and the Heavenly Vision gone,
He sees the East aglow with purple dawn,
And cries, his soul with wonder overawed,
"This is none other than the House of God."

How blest are they who, in the starry night,
Have Heaven opened to their wondering sight,
And when the vision God has sent, grows dim,
First recognize, then fear, then worship Him.

Flame *The Prairie Farmer*
The ~~flame~~ leaps lightly through the withered grass,
Flickers, and falls, flares up and leaps again,
Bevies of startled prairie chickens pass,
And skim, on stiffened wings, across the plain.

The gopher, running gaily to and fro,
Oft stands, as if to simulate a stick,
And, at the near approach of friend, or foe,
Hies to his hole, and there repeats the trick.

The rabbit's fuzzy coat of winter white
Is all besmirched with streaks of sombre brown,
That show his mad March-frolics overnight
Have knocked Dame Nature's signs of, "Wet Paint,"
down.

Ever with noiseless tread the lean house-cat,
Among the stubble, hunts the thieving mouse,
And, toiling ceaselessly, the brown musk-rat
Repairs the winter's damage to his house.

Once more the nightly chorus of the frogs
Proclaims to all the glad return of spring,
Cock-partridges parade the hollow logs,
And tango to the beat of drumming wing.

In frequent flocks, far-flying water fowl
Light on the lake with loud-resounding, "Quack!"
Within the nearby bush resounds the howl
Of King Coyote, summoning his pack.

From dawn till dark the plaintive shore-birds cry,
Northward the far-strung flock of wild geese goes,
From field to field, with ceaseless clamor, fly
The pirate blackbirds and the thieving crows.

By yet unmended fences passing out,
The sow's prolific litter forage food,
The young of sheep and cattle play about,
The barnyard mother tends her callow brood.

Bring from the stall the sleek, well-wintered steed,
Strike out the lands, speed up the shining plow,
Keep harrows going, sow the precious seed,
The mellow soil is waiting for it now.

Lo, the swift change! The sombre fallow-field
Is covered with luxurious robes of green,
Whose billowy folds to amorous breezes yield,
Beneath the glowing sunset's golden sheen.

Soft showers, and the lengthened summer light,
Bring rapid growth, and soon the ripening grain
Stands in the autumn sun, inspiring sight!
One golden glory over all the plain.

Danger of drought, and fear of frost are past,
With whirring binders and their sweating teams,
The toiling Titans here have heaped, at last,
A harvest rich beyond a miser's dreams.

Stiff stands the stubble o'er the level field,
The sheaves glow yellow in the autumn sun
Where stook and stack, the season's generous yield,
Proclaim the heavy work of harvest done.

Lo, from afar, upon the dusty road,
A pleasing sight now meets the farmer's view,
The tractor, bringing, with its clumsy load,
The eagerly expected threshing crew.

'Twixt even rows of stacks on either hand,
Broad-belted to the engine's driving wheel,
The separator now is quickly manned,
And gnashes all its myriad teeth of steel.

With ceaseless rumbling-clatter, and the shout
Of men on swiftly disappearing stacks,
And flying sheaves, and dust, and belching spout,
Flows the freed grain into the waiting sacks.

Upon the housewife's ample kitchen stove
Steam many pots, that boil and bubble still,
While tempting rows of pastry stand above,
And smoking roasts the ample oven fill.

With eager haste rush in the hungry horde
At meal time, disregarding etiquette,
And lustily attack the loaded board,
Like Benjamin's, with double portions set.

Rough minters of the farmer's current coin,
A blessing, and a burden, ye appear,
And those who bid you welcome, gladly join
To speed your parting, each recurring year.

A moment rests the gusty autumn gale,
And in the pause is heard a distant clang,

As shape, and pace, like an enormous snail,
Moves off the threshing outfit and its gang.

Fall-plowing finished, and the winter wheat
All seeded, countless lesser labors crown
The farmer's toil to make his task complete
Before the cold of winter settles down.

As where a nation's precious hoard is piled
In treasure vault, now lies the golden grain
In bulging sack, and bursting bin, and wild
Winds sweep the empty straw o'er all the plain.

Well-sheltered in his comfortable home,
With food and fuel plentiful for all.
The farmer feels no dread of storms to come.
And every beast is happy in its stall.

Books, long neglected, and the current news,
Farm Journals, pointing still the better way,
In pleasant leisure he may now peruse,
Nor fill with heavy task the shortened day.

The frequent gatherings of his friends in toil,
With warm discussion, and prolonged debate,
Bear fruit in added skill to till the soil,
And dignify the farmer's hard estate.

Of the long winter evenings are beguiled
By social gatherings of well-tried friends,
Whereat, when happiness on all has smiled,
A midnight feast the cheerful session ends.

Heedless of cold, along the snowy trail
The well-clad children to the school repair,
Nor does the Sabbath see the household fail
To join their neighbors in the place of prayer.

Homes have their harvests, and from such as this
God often calls his worthiest and his best,
Nor can men covet greater earthly bliss
Than sons and daughters who are true to test.

Learn to till better still the friendly soil,
Plan, year by year, for cleaner, better seed,
Improve thy stock, and God requite thy toil,
But give us citizens of better breed.

September In the Okanagan Hills

September in the Okanagan hills!

Did clime and calendar e'er furnish more?
A bowl, o'er-brimming, kindly Nature fills,
And schools her lovers in her mystic lore,
Around their hearts she weaves a magic spell,
Wh'ch, through the passing years, still lives and thrills
Them with a deeper yearning yet to dwell
With sweet September in the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills!

The earth beneath my feet is warm and soft,
There's music in the gurgling crystal rills,
There's music in the breezes up aloft
That sigh through mountain pines in deep content,
The while a merry songster madly trills,
Oh life is sweet, and Heaven with earth seems blent,
When breathes September through the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills!

Ye slaves of toil and worry, soon and late,
On-rushing with the ceaseless pace that kills,
Following Fortune's swift and tireless gait,
Turn you aside into the untrod trails
And find a medicine for all your ills
Where springs a living fount that never fails,
Ho! for September in the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills!

I sit and feast on food almost divine,
Contemtuos of all earth's famous grills,
For Nature's luscious bill-of-fare is mine.
I dine on rainbow trout, and breast of grouse,
I drink where living water springs and spills,
I sleep, secure as in my Father's House—
He made September and the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills!

Mine be this joy again, and yet again,
Until the ardor of my life-blood chills
With that slow change which ever comes to men,
Then let me climb once more, with heavy tread,
And lay me down, e'er death my heart throb still;
Upon a sun-kissed, wind-swept dying bed—
Farewell September and the Okanagan hills.

God Give Us Rain

God give us rain! Behold, the thirsty soil
In dust is yearning toward a brazen sky
Without a cloud. In vain the farmers toll,
The crops are seared, the fields are parched and dry,
The flowers droop, and languish, as in pain,
To save us from despair, God give us rain!

God give us rain! Behold, Thy Church in dust
And ashes humbly doth herself abase,
For drought and dearth are everywhere. Her trust
And hope are in the riches of Thy grace.
The prayer of faith is never made in vain,
And Thou wilt hear, and send reviving rain.

In Inlet Land

Oh, have you heard of Inlet Land,
That stretches towards the North and West,
Where beauty lies on every hand,
And generous Nature shows her best?
For grandeur and utility
Queen Charlotte's island group was planned,
An Artist, All-Supreme, was He,
Who made these scenes in Inlet Land.

The strong tides flow in Inlet Land,
And, mirroring the heaven's blue,
They lave an endless pebbly strand
And wondrous forms of life renew.
The eager seeker after gold
Heaps up the gravel he has panned
And dreams of wealth before untold
Awaiting him in Inlet Land.

Foregathering in Inlet Land,
Attracted by the lure of home,
A countless and a leaping band,
The varied breeds of salmon come;
And some are torn by ruthless seals,
And myriads are caught and canned
To make a million wholesome meals
Prepared to taste in Inlet Land.

Along the shores in Inlet Land
Gigantic trees lift high their tops,
And in majestic beauty stand
Above the close surrounding copse;
These are the patriarchs, whose life
Four centuries, and more, have spanned,
Secure through elemental strife.
The Sitka Spruce in Inlet Land.

Through rain and shine, in Inlet Land,
The smoke ascends from morn till eve
From camps by sons of action manned,
With will and power to achieve;
Strong men, who love the open air,
Whom sun and wind have deeply tanned
To look as they had aye lived there,
And were a part of Inlet Land.

The moonlight falls in Inlet Land
And silvers every peaceful bay,
Wielding a subtler magic wand
Than golden sunlight wields by day;
The call of happy water-fowl
Come echoing across the sand,
And, from afar, the deep-voiced owl
Salutes his mate in Inlet Land.

Huge reefs stand guard in Inlet Land,
And sandbars stretch athwart the tide,
That storm's wild fury may be banned,
And peace forever reign inside
What time the waves of Hecate Straits
Are by the gale to fury fanned,
And thunder at the solid gates
That guard the peace of Inlet Land.

The varied charms in Inlet Land,
Of hill, and bay, and lofty tree,
Alike all bear the mystic brand
That marks the wonders wrought by Thee.
Forbid that man should still be vile
Amid Thy handiwork so grand,
And in the magic of Thy smile
Let us grow fair in Inlet Land.

Lovely Lake

I marvel not thou liest
So mirror-like, at dawn.
A polished, silvery surface
No ripple plays upon.
Save where two soft-eyed creatures
Their thirst, unstartled, slake,
Thou hast so much to mirror,
Lovely Lake!

On high the snow-capped mountain,
The wooded hills below,
The brightening blue above thee,
Where soft clouds come and go,
Save where the festive rainbows
In rippling circles break,
No marvel thou art placid,
Lovely Lake!

Unruffled, and unsullied,
Thou mirrorest to me,
In softened tones, all beauty
The light reveals to thee;
Of that great One, whose garments
So fair a picture make,
I, too, would be a mirror,
Lovely Lake!

A Day Off

I meant to spend the day alone with God,
But, for a pretense, took along my rod,
And, leaving cares full fifty miles behind,
Gave myself up to pleasures of the mind.
Soothed by the music of the purling stream,
I wandered on as in a happy dream,
Quit fishing, for the glory on the lake.
Men said, "It thundered," but, for me, God spake.

A moment, and the sky was overcast,
But, 'neath a bush, until the tempest passed,
Unworried, and unwet, I nursed my dreams,
And, kneeling, thanked God for the woods and streams.

I wrote a poem, to relieve my heart,
The evening shadows warned I must depart,
I bowed for benediction, said, "Amen,"
And went back to my waiting tasks again.

Came Evening

The brook, with glad abandon, danced along,
From out the willow tree burst Evensong,
A burning stump sent forth its lazy smoke—
And in my heart a chaste emotion woke:
The smoke became to me as Incense sweet,
Along the brook-bed passed Angelic feet,
The song was Seraph Music borne abroad,
And I was in the Temple of High God.

Worms and Warbles

The robin leaves his perch, at early dawn,
To forage earthworms on the dewy lawn,
And eagerly he hunts, and does not stop
Till he has crowded his voracious crop,
Then, springing to his perch again, he thrills
The listener with his melodious trills,
And, listening, to learn his art I long,
That I might turn things earthy into song.

A Fishing Smack

Years ago I had a sweetheart,
She was fair to look upon,
Cheeks aglow, and eyes asparkle,
And brim-full of life and fun,
It was near her nineteenth birthday,
And my mind was on the rack
What to give her, when it struck me
She would like a fishing smack.

She just raved about the present,
Like the sporting girl she was,
And next day I took her fishing,
As most every lover does,
When the wind was dead against us
And I often had to tack,
I kept wishing I could give her,
Well, another fishing smack.

I delighted in trout-fishing,
And knew many pools and runs
Where, with luck, a man could capture
Some good-sized and gamey ones,
And one day out in the forest
I came on her well-known track,
And I vowed, if I could find her,
She would get that fishing smack.

I kept hunting till I found her,
With a bunch of maiden hair,
And some lilies of the valley.
Then I quit the trout, right there,
And I slipped my arm around her,
As we slowly sauntered back,
And with all my heart's affections,
I gave her a fishing smack.

Well, next day we went together
To a lovely fishing pool,
For trout-fishing, and love-making,
Go together, as a rule,
She took fudge, and maple sugar,
And some peaches in a sack,
But the sweetest thing she gave me
Was another fishing smack.

Though the trout were rising freely,
Yet we weren't fishing much,
For I felt a thrill of pleasure
Every time our hands would touch,
We were finishing our luncheon,
When she whispered to me, "Jack
If you think I like to have it,
I'll return your fishing smack."

Don't you think that I objected
To the food the gods had sent,
And before we realized it
The long afternoon was spent,
I proved quite an adept pupil,
And soon perfected the knack
Of presenting, and accepting,
Both at once, a fishing smack.

I spent many happy hours,
After that, beside the stream,
And whenever she was with me
Life was like a pleasant dream,
There we laid our plans together
For a Parson and a hack,
And we sealed the vows we uttered
With a hearty fishing smack.

She and I have been house-keeping
Now for nearly forty years,
Nor has either ever spoken
What would cause the other tears,
We have little of earth's riches,
But, whatever else we lack,
We can still enjoy the pleasure
Of the same old fishing smack.

Now the forms are growing feeble,
That were once so full of life,
And the Parson is in Heaven,
Who pronounced us man and wife,
There is silver on our temples
Where there once was only black,
But, till death, and, maybe, after,
We'll keep up our fishing smack.

The Birds

All the lovely feathered creatures that flash by on shining
wing,
And that, "Sing among the branches," in the happy days
of spring,
Are the objects, Jesus tells us, of the Heavenly Father's
care,
And His love has made provision for His children of the
air.
"Ye are of much greater value"—listen to the Master's
words,
"Than are very many sparrows." He Who made, and
feeds the birds,
Though they cannot sow, and gather food to lay away
in store,
Will not overlook His children, for He loves them even
more.

All the birds are busy workers, seeking for what God
provides,
And in building nests in springtime for the dainty little
brides,
Through them Nature keeps the balance, and the world
with music rings,
For, without their aid, the insects would destroy all other
things.

And the Heavenly Father's children have a most important place,
To assist Him in maintaining the economy of grace,
They must fill the world with music, and do all they can
to win
The unceasing war He wages against selfishness and sin.

Many of the birds are migrants, and they know when it is
time
They should fly away, to winter in a more congenial
clime,
Their God-given instinct guides them over countless
weary miles,
And directs their glad returning when the happy spring-
time smiles.
He Who gave the migrant instinct to the care-free little
birds,
Has put something in our bosoms, down almost too deep
for words,
And we have a strong assurance that a kind, unerring
Hand,
Some good day, will safely bring us to our Heavenly
Summerland.

I Am Thy God

I am thy God. For, in the far beginning,
I fashioned thee, and breathed into the clod,
And now, in spite of all thy years of sinning,
Thou bearest still the image of thy God.

I am thy God. By precious blood I bought thee,
For thee My equal Son on Calvary died,
Through all the years in mercy I have sought thee
That I might have thee ever at My side.

I am thy God. From thy life's earliest hour
I have bestowed on thee My constant care,
Unstinted love and my unfailing power
I gave when thou wert wholly unaware.

I am thy God. The Spirit of Adoption
I freely sent to dwell within thy heart,
So that thy ransomed spirit's freest option
Might be for thee to choose the Christian's part.

I am thy God. I sorrow when thou sorrowest,
And I rejoice when thou are filled with joy,
I, too, must share the trouble that thou borrowest,
And I would give thee wealth without alloy.

I am thy God. Death brings no separation
Of My redeemed and well-beloved from Me,
For many mansions are in preparation
That Mine may dwell with Me eternally.

I am Thy God. I made, I loved, I bought thee,
Not for the world, but for My very own,
And I shall never rest till I have brought thee
To sit with me upon My royal throne.

I am thy God. By every right of reason,
And by the right of love, Mine own thou art,
And, tenderly, in this accepted season,
I plead with thee, My child, give Me thine heart.

Thou Art My God

Thou art my God. I have no God beside Thee,
Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Forgive me that I ever have denied Thee,
For in my heart of hearts I love Thee most.

Thou art my God. My deepest adoration,
The worship of my soul, belongs to Thee,
I stand amazed before Thy vast Creation,
And am o'erwhelmed to think of Calvary.

Thou art my God. In humble toil for others
I gladly yield myself, to do Thy will,
Counting like Christ, all needy men my brothers,
Content if only Thou art with me still.

Thou art my God. Nor life nor death can sever,
For one brief hour, my trusting soul from Thee,
And when this earthly life shall end, forever
I shall abide, in perfect peace, with Thee.

Thou art my God. Thine infinite affection
Knows neither height nor depth, nor breadth nor length,
And I love Thee, at every recollection.
With all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength.

Poor Peter

When Andrew found the One long-sought,
He could not rest till he had brought
His older brother to the light;
Simon surrendered at first sight.
When, later, Christ confirmed his call
He gladly followed, leaving all,
Nor guessed the battles to be fought
Ere he attained the goal he sought—
Poor Peter.

No braver fisherman than he
E'er sailed a boat on Galilee,
None more expert, with oar and sail,
To foil the fury of the gale.
And when the Christ walked on the sea,
He cried, "Lord bid me come to Thee,"
And leaped, not taking time to think,
Then, losing faith, began to sink—
Poor Peter.

Upon the mountain top that day,
Where Jesus had withdrawn to pray,
He saw his Lord's transfigured face,
And glory filling all the place,
While Moses and Elias spake
Of the atonement Christ must make;
"Master, now let us build," cried he,
"A booth for each of them, and Thee"—
Poor Peter.

What from the others was concealed,
And not by flesh and blood revealed,
He knew, and his great Lord confessed,
To the surprise of all the rest;
But, when the Master sadly said,
That shame and death were just ahead,
Rebuked Him most vehemently,
With, "Lord, this shall not be to Thee"—
Poor Peter.

That night before the Savior died,
He saw Him lay his robes aside,
And, with a towel, gird Himself,
And take the basin from its shelf,
And cried, when Jesus reached his seat,
"Lord, Thou shalt never wash my feet,"

Then, in a moment, humbly said,
"Not feet alone, but hands and head"—
Poor Peter.

Though warned that he must watch and pray
Lest he should fall ere dawned the day,
He slept, then drew his sword to fight,
Slashed, feared, then turned to frantic flight,
But, drawn by his affection, dared
To see how his dear Master fared,
But, in the snare of Satan caught,
Three times declared, "I know Him not"—
Poor Peter.

The look he saw on Jesus' face
Brought home to him his deep disgrace,
Filled him with shame and bitter grief
From which he could find no relief,
Drove from his heart the fear of man,
And from the Judgment Hall he ran
To find a friendly place where he
Could pray and weep most bitterly—
Poor Peter.

When the Redeemer rose again
And showed Himself alive to men,
A morning came when he could see
A stranger walk by Galilee,
And when John said, "It is the Lord,"
His being thrilled to hear that word,
Not tarrying to hear aught more,
Leaped overboard and made for shore—
Poor Peter.

When Jesus asked him, "Lovest thou me?"
He quickly answered, "Thou can'st see,"
But when three times the question came,
Oft as he had denied "The Name,"
And when the loving Surgeon's art
Probed deeply into Peter's heart,
He flung himself at Jesus' feet,
And his repentance was complete—
Poor Peter.

The path of trial to be trod,
As Peter glorified his God,
Is now revealed for him to see,
And Jesus ends with, "Follow me."

None could mistake that Jesus meant
Peter must go the way He went.
Then Peter, getting John in view,
Cried, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"—
Poor Peter.

Despite the weakness of the man,
Despite the grim Destroyer's plan,
Despite the frequent doubts and fears
That hounded him for many years,
Peter was kept, the Master won,
And when his work on earth was done,
True to the promise He had given,
The Savior welcomed into Heaven—
Poor Peter.

While not forgetting John and James,
And other apostolic names,
All true believers love to talk
Of Simon, who became "A Rock,"
And those who are both strong, and weak,
And slow to do, though swift to speak,
Will cherish for all time to come
The wealth that they inherit from—
Poor Peter.

Come and Break Your Fast

The luckless fishermen had toiled all night,
And in the dawning of the early light
They saw One on the distant shore, Who cried,
Across the waters, "Try the other side."

They cast, and filled their net; then Simon knew
Who stood upon the shore, and quickly drew
His fisher's coat about him, and leaped o'er
The side, and swam and waded to the shore.

The others followed, dragging in the net,
And all were hungry now, and cold, and wet,
But, glowing in the dimness of the dawn,
They saw a fire of coals, and fish thereon.

Then, at the Lord's request, they quickly brought
Some of the many fish which they had caught;
Thus His, and theirs, combined to make a feast,
As morn was breaking in the glowing East.

When all was ready for this sweet repast,
The Lord invited, "Come and break your fast,"
And they sat down together, joyously,
And breakfasted beside blue Galilee.

Oh weary, hungry Christian, fast no more,
The fire of coals is kindled on the shore,
Leave, at His call of love, the dreary past,
'Tis Jesus bids you, "Come and break your fast."

Remember, here beside your Galilee,
Christ's, "I will sup with him, and he with Me,"
And find, in His provision, and your own,
A breakfast such as you have never known.

Drink Deep

A weary pilgrim toiled along
A rough and dusty way,
Beneath a bright and burning sun,
One sultry summer day,
Oppressed by heat and raging thirst,
He thus began to pray:

"Oh Lord, my strength is almost gone,
And I can scarcely think,
But lead me to a cooling stream
Where I may stoop and drink,
And bathe my dusty hands and face,
And rest upon its brink.

"Were I still in my native land
'Twere easy, there, to find
The living spring from which I drank,
For which I long have pined;
Lord, lead me to a spring like that,
And naught else shall I mind."

He struggled on another stage,
And then, beneath a hill,
He found a bubbling spring, from which
Flowed forth a tiny rill,
And in a moment, on his knees,
He drank and laved, at will.

Nor did he fail to offer thanks
For answer to his prayer,
But worshipped God beside the spring,
And paid his homage there
To Him who led him to this spot,
And save him from despair.

Thus many thirsty travelers
Have thanked God for the springs,
That bubble up so clear and cool,
Refreshment fit for Kings,
And, everflowing, make the brook
Which down the hillside sings.

So, hot and thirsty, on life's road,
And wearied with the pace,
The Christian pilgrim oft may find
Just such a resting place,
And drink to full capacity
Of soul-refreshing grace.

I'm Goin' Fishin'

When you are feelin' out of sorts,
And lackin' in ambition,
That is a sign it's time for you
To think of goin' fishin'.

Don't try to kid yourself along
On some old superstition,
Your common sense should tell you when
It's time that you went fishin'.

The quickest way that you can find
To better your condition
Is just to tell the cockeyed world
That you are goin' fishin'.

By golly, come to think of it,
I have a strong suspicion
That I should take my own advice—
Yes sir, I'm goin' fishin'.

Okanagan

PROLOGUE

Muse of the Okanagan, seldom sought,
To lofty strains of song I tempt Thee not,
But help me sing the common life of man
From that far time when human feet began
To tread Thy Vale, and that more distant day,
Ere man arrived, when Forest Nymphs held sway.

The graceful contour, and the varied height,
Of Thy fair Hills, aglow with golden light,
Thy level Lake now mirrors: show to me,
In even narrative simplicity,
Summits of song uprising, that shall make
Copy, though crude, of Thy beloved Lake.

And though, what time the maddened gale shrieks by,
The angry Lake foams toward an angry sky,
And where the wholly pure in heart might dream,
Passions of men provoke the wrath Supreme,
Calm Thou the storm, bid human passions cease,
Let Lake, and Song, at last, both mirror Peace.

Part I—When Nymphs Held Sway

Earth-quake and vast eruption, yielded place
To storm and flood, and Nature's rugged face,
Smoothed by erosion, smiled, and grasses grew,
And forest trees, and flowers of every hue,
In headlong brooks, and gently flowing rills,
The Lake drew tribute from surrounding hills.

The crystal waters teemed with leaping trout,
And golden-throated songsters flashed about,
The lordly buck led forth his fearless herd
To luscious pasture, never beast nor bird
Had dread of human foe, for man was not
When Heaven first smiled upon this lovely spot.

Fair Forest Nymphs held undisputed sway
O'er hill and vale, in that enchanted day,
Poetic Fancy, chastely wed to Truth,
Begot them, cowered with immortal youth,
And still where Truth and Fancy make their home,
Their lovely Progeny, unhindered, roam.

When rose the morning star to greet the dawn,
Awakening the sleeping doe and fawn,
While zephyrs breathed sweet Morning-Song among
The vibrant boughs, and wakened birds took tongue,
Awoke the Nymphs, and from their secret bower,
Thus sang to greet the rosy dawning hour.

Herald It Rosy Dawn

See how the arrows of light,
Piercing the armor of night,
Crimson the dawn.
Rally the shadows in vain,
They, like their leader, are slain,
Day comes in triumph to reign,
Herald it rosy dawn.

Kissed by thy wakening beam,
Flushes each fountain and stream,
Oh lovely dawn!
Wake, wake, slumber no more,
Darkness and dreaming are o'er,
Life's growing day lies before,
Herald it rosy dawn.

The singing ceased, and in the growing dawn,
Stood forth the Queen of Nymphs, revealed upon
Her sylvan throne. The freshened morning breeze,
That gossiped with the wakened forest trees,
Now sank to silence, as in upraised hand,
Singing, she lightly poised her magic wand.

Aglow Are the Hills

Ablaze, ablaze, in the sun's first rays,
Stands the harbinger of dawn,
Aglow, aglow, are the hills below,
While vales still slumber on,
Agleam, agleam, is the mountain stream,
And the birds in their boughs awake,
Ablush, ablush, in the early hush,
Is the face of the mirrored lake.

Aloft, aloft, the breezes soft,
Now whisper to the pines,
Afar, afar, the morning star
Fades, as the night declines.

Arise, arise the darkness dies,
The banners of day advance,
Appear, appear, from far and near,
'Tis time for the Nymphs to dance.

Down came the magic wand in rhythmic stroke,
And, instant, wondrous strains of music woke,
Their filmy garments draping forms most fair,
While slender vine caught back their flowing hair,
Floated the Nymphs forth, as the summons rang.
And in the mazy dance they swayed and sang.

Lightly, Sprightly Dancing

Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Now at thy call appearing,
Filling the forest with glee,
Dancing when day is nearing.
Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Filling the dawn entrancing,
Sliding, gliding, happy and free,
Lightly, sprightly, dancing.

Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Playmates of Light and Beauty,
Weaving our garlands of glee,
Gladness our only duty.
Merry Forest Fairies are we,
Filling the dawn entrancing,
Laughing, chaffing, happy and free,
Lightly, sprightly dancing.

Thus danced the Nymphs, and sang their harmonies,
Upon that flowered spot amidst the trees,
Then mimicking the echoes in their mood,
They sang, with oft-recurring interlude;
Beyond expression blest the ravished ear
Of man, had it been privileged to hear.

Echo Away

O list—list,
In the vale—vale,
Where the mist—mist
Lieth pale—pale,
A mimicking cry—cry,
Answering clear—clear,

It is I—I, I—I,
Here—here, here—here.

O hear—hear,
From the steeps—steeps,
Loud and clear—clear,
How it sweeps—sweeps,
That mimicking cry—cry,
Answering clear—clear,
It is I—I, I—I,
Here—here, here—here.

Echo away—away, away—away, away—away,
Echo away—away, away—away, away—away,

Part II—Nymphs and Natives

How keen was their delight whose eager eyes
First gazed upon this Western Paradise,
As fair as that which Holy Adam trod,
And all as much the handiwork of God,
Had Hebrew Saint this Valley first explored,
His cry had been, "The Garden of the Lord!"

Care-free the natives lived, and mid these hills
Loitered, or hunted, at their own sweet wills,
The earth, without their labor, yielding food,
Berries, and roots, and herbs, in plenitude,
Streams swarmed with fish, in every grassy glade,
And on the slopes, the deer fed, unafraid.

Nature to them her hidden ways revealed,
Their pains were eased, their wounds were quickly
healed,

And, as her secrets ever they explored,
Her most delicious sweets were their reward,
No cause the Forest Nymphs had to complain
Of such invasion of their fair domain.

Amid the forest trees, with eyes downcast,
A lovely daughter of the woodland passed,
Disconsolate, the bliss for which she pined
She knew not where to seek, nor how to find,
The Wood-Nymphs, sympathetic, hovered near,
And whispered words of comfort in her ear.

Rhythmic her movements were, and fair her face,
And all her form bespoke a gentle grace
Of spirit; her dark tresses, loosely tied,
Fell o'er her shoulders; oft she paused and sighed,
And while soft strains of music breathed along
The growing lines, she sang this plaintive song.

Lonely Am I

Soft is the sunlight o'er valley and hill,
Sweet is the music of streamlet and rill,
Yet am I lonely, my life is a sigh,
Lonely, so lonely am I.

Fair are the flowers that garland the ground,
Sweet are the songsters that warble around,
Yet I am lonely, and ever I cry,
"Lonely, so lonely am I."

Tell me, Ye Wood-Nymphs, must I be so lone,
'Midst all these beauties, thus shudder and moan,
Must I be lonely, and longing to die,
Lonely, so lonely am I?

She passed, attended by the Nymphs unseen,
Ere came to view a Chief of noble mien,
Sturdy of limb, and moulded to the form
That scales the heights, and braves the fiercest storm,
The glowing heat that warmed his ardent breast
Flamed forth, as thus he sang his eager quest.

Where Shall I Seek?

Answer, ye trees, with arms spread in blessing,
Under your shadow my passion confessing,
Lo I am listening, will ye not speak?
Where shall I seek, oh where shall I seek?

Answer, ye hills, that tower around me,
Where is the maiden whose magic hath bound me?
None is so gentle, guileless and meek,
Where shall I seek, oh where shall I seek?

Answer, O Sun, that now shinest o'er me,
Where, on the way that lieth before me,
Soft winds of heaven are fanning her cheek,
Where shall I seek, oh where shall I seek?

The nymphs constrain the maiden to retrace
Her footsteps, and the lovers, face to face,
Whole flowers fling their fragrance to the breeze,
And songsters warble in the forest trees,
Beneath the spell of passion pure and strong,
Pour forth their hearts, thus, in responsive song.

Thou Shalt Be Mine

"Vision of splendor, why wearest thou
Shadows of grief on thy beautiful brow?"

"Lonely and sad, I mourn as a dove,
No one to love me, no one to love."

"Wilt thou be mine, ever be mine?"

"Thine, thine will I be."

"Thou shalt be mine, I shall be thine,
Mine, mine shalt thou be."

"Fairest of creatures, mine shalt thou be
While shines the sun on mountain and lea."

"High is my joy as heaven above,
Someone to love me, someone to love."

"Now thou art mine, ever art mine."

"Thine, thine let me be."

"Thou shalt be mine, I shall be thine.
Mine, mine shalt thou be."

Rejoiced, the Nymphs behold the happy scene,
And dance, with smiling faces, 'round their Queen,
Transported to the regions of pure bliss,
The lovers seal their vows with rapturous kiss.
Unseen, the Nymphs now form a magic ring,
And waft the twain away, the while they sing:

Echo away—away, away—away, away—away,
Echo away—away, away—away, away—away.

Soft echoes breathed beneath the listening trees,
Like fragrance born afar on summer breeze,
Then ceased. With stirring tones, to echoes dear,
Resounding through the forest, far and near,
Came, singing, flower of his noble race,
A Chief, caparisoned as for the chase.

The Chase

Up at the dawn, let us begone,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase,
There's light in the skies, comrades arise,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.
'Tis breaking of day, let us away,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

Afar, afar, o'er hill and dale,
We'll follow still the freshened trail,
And should the fiercest beast appear
We'd front him with the bow and spear,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

Alert, alert, we follow on,
To evening shade from early dawn,
And should a foeman cross our path,
Let him beware relentless wrath,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

Up at the dawn, let us begone,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.
There's light in the skies, comrades arise,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase,
'Tis breaking of day, let us away,
The Chase, the Chase, the Chase.

So lived, amid these hills, the Native Race,
Their sole concern in life, Love, and the Chase,
Children of Nature, learned in all her lore,
With plenty for today, nor thought of more,
Beloved of Nymphs, nor gifted to foresee
That discord soon would mar life's harmony.

INTERLOGUE

Forsook the Queen of Nymphs her restless cot,
To seek, at midnight hour, her favored spot
Beneath the trees, whose myriad-needed crown
Half stayed the moonlight as it sifted down,
And there, in tones subdued, melodiously,
Thus uttered forth her deep soliloquy.

Soliloquy of the Queen of Nymphs

Peaceful has been our life, amid these hills
Vocal with songs of birds and splashing rills,
No hint was there of tempest soon to break—
Like the calm surface of the mirrored Lake,
When, sudden, all its flashing splendors pale,
And Fury rides upon the raging gale.

Oppressed am I with terrors undefined,
That prey forever on my sleepless mind,
So come I forth, alone, to meditate
Upon the laws of life ordained by Fate,
Let lesser minds find rest in slumber deep,
I ponder problems that are foes to sleep.

Oft have I seen the swift-descending shriek,
And heard the rattler warn in act to strike.
Must discord mar the music's stately strain
In Nature's symphony, Pleasure wed Pain?
Must man front brother man like maddened brute?
Oh, then, ye Nymphs, hush every tuneful lute.

What strife shall be upon these lovely slopes!
Must we relinquish all our cherished hopes?
Nay, though at dawn of day I lead my band
To some more peaceful, though less lovely land,
We shall return, when gentler breezes blow,
And skies are clear, kind Fate has willed it so.

Thus have I seen the nightly tempest sweep,
In lightning flash and thunder, down the steep,
While heaven's open windows poured the rain,
Until the arid soil grew moist again,
A jewelled dawn breathed through the balmy air,
And song-birds trilled, and flowers were everywhere.

Let come the times of stress, if fairer dawn
Break on the world when storm and night are gone.
The Nymphs withdraw, to wait a fairer day,
Nor grudge rude Force its temporary sway,
We shall return, what time we cannot tell,
And till that morning dawns, Sweet Vale, farewell!

Part III—The Nymphs In Exile

Scarce had the Nymphs departed, when, gold lured,
Came to these hills a rough and greedy horde.

The grieving Muse forsakes a rifted lute,
And Nature's myriad harmonies are mute,
When higher things appeal to men in vain,
To beauty blind, with one ambition, gain.

They ransacked every mountain in their greed
Of gold, nor ever offered humble meed
Of praise to Him who strewed the precious dust
To be a legacy, not sate men's lust.
As those who delve for pirate plunder, they,
Irreverently, filched earth's wealth away.

Shovel and pan were worked, with fevered zeal,
For glittering gold the gravel might conceal,
Earth's flesh was pierced in eager hope of gain
From some deep-hidden wealth in secret vein,
That fabled source of wonderful renown,
Whose overflow gold-bearing sands brought down.

Oft there was anger, bringing bloody strife,
And careless toll of precious human life,
Until the Natives, angered to the soul,
Sought vengeance, taking toll of life for toll,
Then grew the stoutest-hearted men alarmed,
And journeyed but in bands, and fully armed.

Meanwhile the exiled Nymphs, importunate,
Prayed ever for their overthrow, to Fate,
Who, hearing, bade the grudging gravel cease
Its slender tribute, and made such increase
Of danger as men could not long endure,
Thus, they departed, and returned no more.

Part IV—The Dawn of a Better Day

Grant, Muse, a lute unrifted, while I sing
The days heroic, when the Cattle King
First spread his growing herds o'er all the land,
Meeting the Natives with an open hand,
Beneath whose rule a better day now dawned,
Justice his only law, his word his bond.

At close of day, around the camp-fire bright,
The saddle-horses hobbled for the night,
The herd in slumber, and the watches set,
In pleasant mood the cattlemen oft met,
Their hearty music made the welkin ring,
The very hills rejoiced to hear them sing.

Their Chief, as genial as his heart was bold,
Brawny and big, cast in heroic mould,
In woolly chaps, and beaded buckskin shirt,
And broad-brimmed hat, with spurs, and guns, and quirt,
His black-snake whip coiled in his heavy hand,
Sang, thus, to his admiring cowboy band.

Echo Ye Hills Around

Echo ye hills around
To the roar of our thundering herd,
To the roar, roar, roar,
The roar of our thundering herd.

Free is our life as the mountain breeze,
Our home is a camp-fire under the trees,
Rainbow trout and the haunch of deer,
Juicy steaks from the slaughtered steer,
Wandering, pasturing everywhere,
Free is the life we live.

Bold are our hearts and our arms are strong,
Sleepless our eyes when the watch is long,
Let him beware who blocks our way,
Danger is rife where lightnings play,
Fierce is the lion robbed of his prey,
Free is the life we live.

Echo ye hills around
To the roar of our thundering herd,
To the roar, roar, roar,
The roar of our thundering herd.

Where all was still, hill shouts to hill
Our loud Haloo—haloo,
Then faint, but clear, again we hear,
Haloo—haloo—haloo.
If foothold fail on narrow trail,
The canyon's dismal gloom
Yawns underneath, as deep as death,
To seal, and veil, our doom.

Echo ye hills around
To the roar of our thundering herd,
To the roar, roar, roar,
The roar of our thundering herd.

The music echoed through the hills around,
And many a distant cliff threw back the sound;
Responsive chords in every cowboy's breast,
Lent to sincere applause peculiar zest,
And undiminished still their clamor rang,
Until their Chief stood forth once more and sang.

The Herd Asleep

The stars gleam bright, and a perfect night,
Lays its spell o'er vale and hill,
The herd are asleep, in slumber deep,
And the sough of the pines is still,
The coyotes cry, but they come not nigh,
For they know the watch we keep,
And the rifle's bark, in the dawn or dark,
When we guard the herd asleep.

Rough men are we, and our life is free
As the winds of our mountain home,
Not for us a bed, nor a pillowed head,
And our roof is the starlit dome,
We will ride, or fight, either day or night,
And our word as our oath we keep,
So molest us not, and you won't get shot,
When we guard the herd asleep.

When came the time for merriment to end,
That sleep, of man and beast, alike, the friend,
Might spread his healing pinions over all,
For one more song the eager cowboys call,
And, with becoming pride, and honest boast,
They sang again the song they loved the most.

There Are No Mavericks Here

We are men of the mountain,
Bred to the open air,
Reckon us in when you're countin'
Able to do our share,
We'd punch a snarling cougar
Quick as we'd punch a steer,
We bear the brand
Of Okanagan Land,
There are no Mavericks here.

While we follow the cattle
Over the stony trail,

Often the warning rattle
Makes a stout heart quail;
We'd face a striking rattler
Quick as we'd face a steer,
We bear the brand
Of Okanagan Land,
There are no Mavericks here.

Here's to our life in the open,
Here's to our spurs and cinch,
Same to our horse, and here's hopin'
He never will fail in a pinch,
We'd rope a raging grizzly
Quick as we'd rope a steer,
We bear the brand
Of Okanagan Land,
There are no Mavericks here.

The singing ceased, and all sat still a space,
A look of earnest thought on every face,
Then, with alacrity, began prepare
Their simple couches in the open air,
And slumbered soundly till the dawning ray
Brought light and labor of another day.

Thus roamed the Cattlemen o'er hill and dale,
And followed still along the open trail.
Some, with affection, looked upon the face
Of soft-eyed women of the Native Race,
Whence sprang a sturdy breed, of mingled blood,
Trained to the town, but wedded to the wood.

Meanwhile came men whose sweet, home-making
wives
Fostered and nurtured more domestic lives,
And children played, and sang, with beasts, and
birds,
And life was filled with gentle deeds and words,
While infant orchard grew upon the slopes,
And men toiled on, and cherished highest hopes.

Part V—The Nymphs Return

Upon a fertile slope, hard by a wood,
A group of flowers through the summer stood,
Them autumn clad in robes of sombre brown,

And long they stood ere winter cut them down,
At length he made his fiercest breezes blow,
And, where they fell, heaped high his drifted snow.

Brief in his triumph in this sunny land,
Where rigors are, by kindly Nature, banned.
Soon, confident of triumph, Spring appears,
To challenge him whom every flower fears,
And, boldly summoning her magic powers,
She breaks his spell, and wakes the sleeping flowers.

Aroused from slumber in its snowy bed,
Each flower now lifts up its dainty head,
Then, leaving sombre garments, all in white,
They rise, and sway, a fascinating sight,
And as they sway, in concert, thus they sing
A song of love and grateful praise to Spring.

Hail to Thee Spring

Sweetly we sing, Hail to thee Spring
Hail, Hail, Hail!

Friend of the flowers, Foe o' the cold,
Thy magic powers never grow old,
Gladly we sing, Hail to thee Spring!
Hail, Hail, Hail!

Let the notes ring, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!
Herald of Summer, Child of the Sun,
Great Overcomer, Conquering One,
Our notes shall ring, Hail to thee Spring!
Hail, Hail, Hail!

While thus the flowers are singing, low and sweet,
With waving hands, but still unmoving feet,
Appears the Queen of Nymphs, and waves her wand
Above the sweetly-singing Flower Band,
And, instant, all are free, then in a ring,
They dance and frolic with delighted Spring.

Dancing we sing, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!
Lovely thy features, Beautiful One,
Friend of all creatures under the Sun,
Dancing, we sing, Hail to thee Spring,
Hail, Hail, Hail!

The Nymphs, returned from exile, with their Queen,
Behold, with boundless joy, the lovely scene
That lies before them, homes and orchards fair,
With peace and gladness reigning everywhere,
Weaned from the forest to the orchard trees,
She now unfolds their higher destinies.

Ye Shall Be Blossoms

Ye shall be blossoms, and garland the trees,
Wafting your fragrance afar on the breeze,
In her fair bosom each shall enfold
Promise of treasure far greater than gold.

Ye shall be blossoms, and when blossoms fall,
Each shall discover some task great or small,
Cheering the Orchardist, guarding the fruit—
Better is this than the dance and the lute.

Ye shall be blossoms, each choosing her tree,
Copy the blossom you purpose to be,
Spring is advancing, we must not delay,
Nature is calling, now hasten away.

The Nymphs, obedient to their Queen's behest,
Now dart away upon their eager quest,
Each one to find her home within the tree
Assigned to her by choice, and destiny,
Returning, decked as blossoms of their choice,
Their new delight in this new song found voice.

These We Promise You

All the world is fresh and fair,
Fragrance fills the balmy air,
Blossoms, blossoms, everywhere,
Plenty promise you.

Apples golden, apples red,
Peaches—sweetness perfected—
Cherries, pears, plums, apricots,
These we promise you.

Earth resounds with music rare,
Now is Nature's heart laid bare,
Blossoms, blossoms, everywhere,
Plenty promise you.

Apples golden, apples red,
Peaches—sweetness perfected—
Cherries, pears, plums, apricots,
These we promise you.

And never men beheld, on plants or trees,
Flowers, or blossoms, lovelier than these,
Their beauty wedded to a golden heart,
Gifted to sing by magic fairy art,
Men heard their promise of the fruit to be,
And lavished love and care on every tree.

Then sang an Orchardist this cheerful song,
Of pleasant labor all the summer long,
Among the trees responsive to his toll,
The genial climate, and the fertile soil,
And, as he sang, and labored, unaware,
The Nymphs made all his trees their constant care.

My Trees

When Winter's cold is ended and Spring is drawing near,
I dream of bees and clover, till roused by chanticleer,
A hearty breakfast finished, I scorn to sit at ease,
So forth I fare, with pleasure, prepared to prune my trees.

The pleasant days of springtime will quickly pass away,
So I must up and at it, to labor while I may,
And when the frosty weather no more the soil can freeze,
I hitch my waiting horses and plough among my trees.

The little cares and worries are sometimes hard to bear,
But life's not worth the living without the spice of care,
When hope says, "Keep on smiling," my warming heart
agrees,
And with a cheerful courage I spray my budding trees.

The blossoms come in clusters on every spur and shoot,
The branches all are loaded with green and growing
fruit,
Then is the time to labor as busy as the bees,
And forth I go determined to thin my loaded trees.

Then when the sun grows hotter, and clouds forget the
sky,
The plants are drooped and withered, the soil is hot and

dry,
I seek my dusty orchard, despite the scorching breeze,
And open up the ditches to irrigate my trees.

Weeds are a common nuisance, they grow on every hand,
A deadly foe to orchards, and cumberers of the land,
I keep the harrow going, careless of aching knees,
And, with a cheerful courage, I cultivate my trees.

I covet not great riches such as some men possess,
I have my little orchard, ten acres, more or less,
If this were taken from me naught else on earth could
please,
For I could never tell you how much I love my trees.

The singer passed upon his cheerful way,
And Summer, also, passed, bringing the day
Of Harvest Home, and shouting filled the air,
As groups of happy harvesters drew near
To gather in, a treasure trove indeed,
The ripened fruit, of honest toil the meed.

Gather the Golden Store

Matrons and maidens with men and boys—
Gather the golden store—

Share together the harvest joys
Found in the out-of-doors.

Thrilling life from the balmy air
Enters at every pore,

Health and plenty are everywhere,
Gather the golden store.

Gather the golden store,

Till all the harvest is o'er,

With laughter and song,

The whole day long,

We gather the golden store.

Weary the waiting for trees to grow—
Gather the golden store—

Years were long, and the seasons slow,
Now the waiting is o'er.

Boughs are bending beneath a weight,
They never have known before,

Great the harvest, the joy is great,
Gather the golden store.

Gather the golden store
Till all the harvest is o'er,
With laughter and song,
The whole day long,
We gather the golden store.

As moved the happy harvesters about,
With many a merry jest, and noisy shout,
Came all the Nymphs, around their joyous Queen,
And mingled with the peaceful harvest scene,
Men felt the Presence that they could not see,
And wondered what this mystic thing might be.

Then fell a hush on all their noise and jest,
And deep emotion stirred in every breast;
The Nymphs stood, silent, grouped about their Queen,
Who drew all eyes, though still by men unseen,
Then spake She, and Her voice was sweet and clear
As bugle note, while all grew tense to hear.

Address of the Queen of Nymphs

Queen of the Forest Nymphs was my proud name,
Ere to this vale men of rude manners came,
Forgetting good, and drove to exile me,
And all my Nymphs, but now returned are we,
Once more in this enchanted spot to dwell,
Amid the scenes the Nymphs all love so well.

Now Queen of Orchards am I, and, with me,
My Nymphs shall make their care each orchard tree.
To you I grant the boon, a moment's space,
Of looking on each Orchard Nymph's fair face,
Behold us, Creatures of the world unseen,
These are your Helpers, and I am their Queen.

My magic has enabled you to see
Behind the veil that men call "Mystery,"
Life's hidden forces, here personified
As Orchard Nymphs, with all your toil allied,
The plunderer may load himself with spoil,
But wealth he never knew requites your toil.

Lost in amazement at the wondrous scene,
All did obeisance to the Orchard Queen,
And to her lovely Nymphs, unknown, till then,

As unseen sharers in the toils of men;
Then wonder ceased, at what was now revealed,
And grew, that it had ever been concealed.

Then, ere the Nymphs departed from their view,
A wave of deep emotion thrilled them through,
And gratitude to that great Source of Light,
Whose highest things are hid from mortal sight,
And, marvelling at all His wondrous ways,
They joined with Nymphs, and sang this hymn of praise.

To Him Be Praise

To Him Who was before all thought,
By Whom created things were wrought,
And without Whom there could be naught,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Who gave the sun's clear light,
The moon and stars to cheer the night,
And all fair things that charm the sight,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Who made these lovely bowers
Among the hills, the birds and flowers,
And gave us all that we call ours,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Whose springtime melts the snow,
Whose summer makes the harvests grow,
From Whom all autumn blessings flow,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Whose law is love alone,
Who calls those humble ones His own
That cleave the wood, and lift the stone,
BE PRAISE.

To Him Whose wisdom hath decreed
A full supply for every need,
Knowledge of Whom makes free indeed,
BE PRAISE.

The vision faded as the anthem ceased,
A moment, from the magic spell released,
The Harvesters stood, lost in lofty thought,
As loath to leave this most enchanted spot,
Then, slowly turning, went their several ways,
One thought pervading all—TO HIM BE PRAISE.

EPILOGUE

So many centuries have come and gone
Since over Eden stole the earth's first dawn,
And Adam's Eden is so far away
From us who tread the Western World today,
To you our hearts have turned in eager quest,
Fair Okanagan, Eden of the West.

Nor has our quest been futile. Now, as then,
God, in His garden, walks and talks with men,
And those who hearken hear, and those who look
See Him revealed in Nature's open book,
The meanest tasks such lofty thoughts refine,
And drudgery becomes almost divine.

Who root out thorns and thistles from the soil,
Their faces wet with sweat of honest toil,
Who plant, and tend, and harvest, as men should,
Yet love the Beautiful, revere the Good,
Are not bondservants, chained to tasks abhorred,
But partners in the labors of the Lord.

